

## Ion

### "We Like To Call This One...Fuck Off"

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Can you taste the sarcasm off my breath? Can you hear our frustration streaming through your ears? I've spent my whole life waiting for this moment, not to worry though; tonight's feeling like this might be the one. For I am the spark to light this flame, I'm the wind blowing your houses down. I'm the fear atrociously consumed, nightmares you cannot rid yourself of, until the end of days in pursuit of this. For I am the spark to light this flame, I'm the wind blowing your houses down. Can you see consequences to your actions? Can you smell our vindication in the air? What's that look you carry on your face signify? Not to worry though; tonight's feeling like this might be the one. I'm the fear atrociously consumed, nightmares you cannot rid yourself of. The sole purpose of my my existence. The sole purpose of my very existence, defined by the extremeness of which you felt so strong. Ramification shall be paid. I've been reconfigured, precisely crafted, moulded to perfection, in order to make every single moment of the remainder of your insignificant life a settlement of sorts, for the end always justifies the means.

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